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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Impressions of England. By Count Edouard de Melfort. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1836. Bentley.

We always like to see the views taken of us by intelligent foreigners; and it is gratifying to our nationality when they partake so much of the rose-colour as irradiates the volumes of the Count Edouard de Melfort. Belonging and being admitted to the upper classes of society, he enjoyed opportunities to sketch them as they exist; and not to fancy matters which he never saw, like the writer of the "Great Metropolis," noticed in our last *Gazette*. It is, accordingly, pleasing to find, that the pictures drawn by a well-educated and enlightened stranger, are almost perfect contrasts to those of the native caricaturist; and that we may believe that there is yet some virtue extant in England.

Our author begins his sketches in London, but continues them, in no regular series or order, at Cheltenham, in Wales, in Devonshire, at Ascot and Newmarket races, Tunbridge Wells, Ramsgate, &c. &c. and finishes with a supplement from France to compare with his English subjects. The whole is in good tone; and, if not striking, at least agreeable. We will afford a few examples; and commence with one not the most *roseate*-hued.

"I do not know why, but to-day I feel inclined to censure, even to be severe; but having the habit of saying or writing what I think at the very moment, I will not stop my correspondence with you on account of this fit of ill-humour or misanthropy, which has just seized me: when, however, I shall have returned to my usual state of mind, I will re-peruse my letter, and, should I find it unjust, I will spare you the trouble of reading it. If, in order to attain pleasure and really to enjoy it, it was only necessary to make continual sacrifices of time and money, then the English would be the gayest people in the world—the people who best know how to amuse themselves. The persons in different classes who thus run after pleasure are indeed innumerable in England; it is like a determination, a continual desire, a real *entêtement*. Let it cost what it may, gaiety must be had: but, through all these efforts, the coldness and reflectiveness of the national character always pierce; and one might almost suspect, that this undeviating constancy only arises from the impossibility of ever attaining the desired end. In the highest, as well as in the least distinguished society, I have always received the same impression: there exist always in every *réunion* a restraint, an indifference too marked (particularly towards those who do not form the same clique, and in that case it goes so far as to become rudeness); there is a want of general ease and of general amiability, and this only becomes the more apparent from one's seeing all the trouble which has been taken that every one should be gay, very gay, and very much amused, which, alas! happens but rarely, not to say never. One might add, on the subject of the fashionable circles, that the principal thing is not precisely to enjoy personally, but to have it believed that you do so; that every

body should know or think you do so—this is the important thing. There is not a brilliant party in London, or at one of the magnificent country seats, or at the mansion of a man of fashion, which is not immediately detailed in the newspapers; even the great dinners are described. After a royal drawing-room, the name and toilet of each lady who appeared is mentioned, one after another—ribands, laces, feathers, diamonds, pearls, even to the kind of silk or satin of which the dress was composed, how it was trimmed, with the technical and scientific expressions in French of the Parisian *marchandes de modes*; all is printed in the papers, and sometimes fills two or three of their enormous pages: if the occasion be a fancy or masked ball (where no masks are worn), then the dress of the gentlemen shares the same publicity, even to the form and colour of their inexpressibles; every thing being thus exhibited to the face of day, placed under the public eye, and detailed to attract the attention of the millions—even of those who, banished to the Indies, receive and devour the English papers. There must exist, then, I think, more vanity and show, prepared for public effect, than for the pleasure of the moment; besides, it is absolutely *de rigueur* in the supreme *bon-ton* to have an air of indolence, satiety, and *nonchalance*, which implies, that all this is not enough, that show and magnificence are so habitual, that they are become quite fatiguing."

There is much truth in this; and we can only allege in mitigation, that the noise and bubble on the surface, being heard and seen, are notorious and public: whereas, all that is privately and quietly enjoyed, and that is a great deal, can never be known, so as to be taken into the *per contra* of the account. On the question of our musical taste and talent, the count is hardly more complimentary. He observes—

"It is true, I have vaunted the many other qualities which the English possess, sufficiently to be allowed to say, that that nation is, perhaps, the least musical that I know. There are certainly some distinguished performers, and occasionally great talent to be met with in a society: but the mass 'knows nothing about it.' The men in general do not comprehend or feel it; harmony has no power over their nerves; for the most part, they look upon a musician as a secondary sort of being, but they do not the less go to the Opera to cry 'Brava, brava!' drawing out the first syllable of this word to a great length: and why? because it is good style to do so! In fact, there does not exist a single composer—at least as far as I know—in all Great Britain, excepting, perhaps, a Mr. Bishop, who is not without certain talent, not for composing, but for arranging; for putting together the music he borrows from other nations; for a species of little opera, or vaudeville, which should be called Anglo-Franco-Germano-Italiano—like a *salade en Macedoine*, where all the ingredients are so mixed together that you do not know what you are eating. In Mr. Bishop's works may be detected many passage, which seem like ancient acquaintances, to whom you are just going to give a name, when a stranger arriving, a *l'Anglaise*, puts

your memory at fault. I could always anticipate the end of his duos, when sung on the stage, by the manoeuvre of the two singers, who at this moment generally retreat gradually each towards his or her respective side-scene; so that the unfailing shake which finishes every English air, the applauses, and the bow or courtesy, fall exactly at the instant when there is nothing to be seen but the arms and head, the rest of the person having disappeared behind the scenes."

And, passing on to the fine arts, he adds:—"Now, is it not remarkable that the most valuable galleries of pictures known in the world should exist in that very country where, considering its great resources and general liberality, painters are the most neglected? These galleries, for the most part, belong to individuals, and are composed principally of the *chef-d'œuvre* of the old masters, and of chosen bits of the foreign schools; whilst the work of an English artist can scarcely find a modest place in them. If, of the many thousand guineas given for old pictures, of which some are certainly very fine, but others so old and so dark that it is more than difficult to discover in what their great value consists; if, I say, a part of these enormous sums were expended in supporting and protecting native talent, there is no doubt that this art would soon receive an impulse towards a more elevated order: for it is not talent that is wanting. Without speaking of many other artists, can there be any thing more *spirituel*, more natural, than the charming productions of Wilkie, Rippingille, &c. &c.? It is true they are all fancy pieces, or *tableaux de genre* for the drawing-room or boudoir; but Martin, Haydon, Etty, &c., have they ever received the least encouragement in their efforts to reach, in historical pictures, that point which their great talent promised? Shall I add, that one of these very distinguished artists was, a few years ago, in the greatest state of want; and that one of his pictures was sold by subscription, a few persons charitably interesting themselves in him, in order to procure him bread? And this in a country where more than one noble lord gives, without hesitation, as much as a thousand guineas for a Murillo, or a simple head by Rembrandt! But it is the fashion; and, as I must again and again repeat, before its magic power over every thing bows down, every thing succumbs in England. The little encouragement given to English painters compels them to paint portraits, nothing but portraits, as the only means left to attain some degree of celebrity; and, what is still more essential, but not so glorious, some degree of fortune. Thus it happens very frequently, when you pay a visit, that, when the servant leaves you in the drawing-room, whilst he goes to let his master know that you are there, you make acquaintance with every member of the family, without passing through the introductions and usual compliments; their portraits being all there staring you in the face."

In his country excursions we have a most animated description of grouse-shooting—so animated, indeed, that we are induced to quote it.

"I shall endeavour to transport you quite close to me, to give you a shot at one of those superb birds, and join in all that took place for this desired end. Explain to me, if you can, why one never grows too old for this recreation;—why does the expectation, the desire, the success, cause always the same intense pleasure? Philosophers tell us that we tire of every thing—of honour, riches, glory; that an uniformly happy life becomes insipid; that one tires even of loving! But they did not comprise the pleasure of a sportsman in this enumeration; and if they had dared to do so, I would have presented myself as their champion, 'à l'outrance envers et contre tous.' When we are going out shooting on the morrow, we can think of no other subject the evening before, and are as much engrossed by it at forty years of age, as at thirty or twenty. On retiring to one's room, one looks with complacency at the great shooting-jacket, the leather gaiters, the strong shoes, the coloured neckcloth, which are all spread out upon the arm-chair near the bed, prepared for the morning; one takes a glance at the gun-case which is already open; the spring of the powder-flask is tried, and the double-barrelled Manton inspected; and when at last in bed, it is only after two hours' restless turning about, thinking or half dreaming of dogs pointing—of hares, pheasants, partridges getting up, that one falls asleep, to awake an hour or two before the usual time; when, on darting out of bed and rushing to the window, one exclaims, 'Fine weather, delightful! Why does not the servant come with the hot water? how lazy those rascals are!' forgetting that it is only yet five o'clock, and that those 'rascals' are still reposing, for they rise to labour instead of to go out shooting. Well, now, then, you shall be a spectator of our excursion. Here we are, five of us, walking in a line, with an interval of fifty paces between us, and advancing slowly over these extensive moors, where not a single tree is to be seen: they are divided by valleys and hills, and entirely covered with heath, excepting in those places where masses of rock show their irregular barren forms. There are, perhaps, a dozen parties such as ours scattered about: we hear occasionally in the distance their shots, repeated by the echoes from the valleys; but we rarely meet any of them, as the space we are traversing is very great. We are escorted by several horsemen, who are upon the neighbouring elevations: their occupation is to reply to the cry of 'mark! mark!' by keeping in view any bird which may have escaped a shot, or which may have risen without having been shot at, and marking the spot where it may have taken refuge. Mr. H. has brought his two brace of pointers into the field. All four are exactly alike, of a jet black; they are slight and high in form, and each muscle and tendon is strongly marked in their rapid motions. Although all are excellent, Mirza is her master's favourite; she generally takes the lead, and it is on her that her three companions seem to have the greatest reliance. See! the very instant that their subtle sense of smelling has seized the slight odour which they follow with so much ardour, their step has become suddenly slow and measured, exhibiting their suppleness and caution: it is like the velvet pace of a cat advancing on her prey. Mirza stops abruptly; her head is raised, her long muscular tail becomes stiff and stretches out horizontally; it is no longer a living creature that you see, but the emblem of immobility. The other three dogs stop also as if struck by an electric power, and all remain equally mo-

tionless, with their eyes fixed on her. We maintain the same profound silence, and nothing is heard but the keeper's or master's 'take heed! take heed!' pronounced slowly and in a low voice. A sign is made to me to approach; for Mr. H., in his undeviating courtesy, offers to me, as a stranger, the chance of the first bird that the dogs have found. As I had never yet seen this species of game, I was boiling with impatience to see it rise. Mirza's head indicated on which side it was, with ten others, perhaps, all lying squatted down under the heath at some paces from me. I was so near Mirza, that I could see her eye, which, though fixed, seemed to emit sparks of fire. The almost imperceptible movement of the nostrils shewed how acutely sensible they were to the smell which the air brought them: the organ of destruction shewed itself in all its characteristic on this head. All at once a rustling sound like that of a cannon-ball passing is heard; it is the grouse taking wing, uttering her cry of distress—a short low note, repeated two or three times; then the shot—the bird falls, and the four dogs disappear in the furze. Not a word is pronounced, no one moves, for the least motion might make the other grouse rise before I could reload my gun; and these admirable dogs had learned and understood the lesson, for they were all lying flat and without motion on the earth. You may conceive that it was with some difficulty I conquered my impatience (pleased and proud as I was of not having missed my first bird) to possess in my own hands, to see with my own eyes, this sort of game, so celebrated in the chronicles of sporting in England. * * * This scene was repeated twenty times during the day, not only for the single birds, but for packs, also; which, in rising from under the dogs' feet, received the successive shots of the whole party, leaving frequently half a dozen birds on the ground. The grouse is about twice the size of a partridge; it resembles greatly the *gelinotte* of the German forests; but the plumage is thicker and much darker—the legs, also, are covered with feathers. The very wild character of this bird—the noise and rapidity of its flight—the height of the regions it inhabits, and where it must be sought, render this shooting very interesting and peculiar."

Our author has a fine eye and a warm passion for field sports, and is always happy on the theme; witness his comparison at Ascot—

"If the course is complete, and the horses have to make the great circle which surrounds the plain, then the latter is traversed in every direction by the numerous horsemen; who, being for the most part interested in the result of the contest, put their horses to their utmost speed, in order to see the rapid progress made by this mixed assemblage of blue, green, and purple, looking like a flight of pigeons which just skim the ground."

As a contrast, we extract the well-drawn portrait of that poorest of poor creatures which can be "connived at for a man" in social life: we mean a fashionable exquisite.

"Do you know what a dandy is? There are at least ten different species of this animal. If you commence by the lowest, it is the city beau, to whom I have already introduced you at Mr. Jackson's dinner, presenting an orange to a young lady, by taking up the fruit between two spoons, and extending his little fingers to have an air of delicacy, and to appear unquestionably polite: but this is a vulgarian; we must ascend the scale, passing by the ranks of this interesting class, such as the puppy, cox-

comb, fop, the half-fashionable, the complete fashionable, &c. till we at last reach the exquisite, the quintessence of all coxcombry conjoined. He shall be a young man, whether noble or *parvenu*, it matters not, so that he be rich; he must have an air of *nonchalance*, and appear *enfuyé* with every thing. He hardly deigns to speak at all; it is too fatiguing for his delicate organs. If you have the honour of knowing him, and should meet him, he will address you, 'Oh! how a-a-ye? am glad to see you;' but these words will be scarcely articulated, and pronounced in a drawing-toned, as if he had some impediment in his throat which prevents him from speaking: this will be all you can get out of him. He is the epitome of self-sufficiency, affectation, and impertinence: he despises every social talent, wit, and amiability, because he himself is incapable of either; for he appears only organised for putting on cravats, wearing a well-cut coat, choosing pomades, perfumes, &c.: his pride is to attend to no one but himself."

Place side by side the notice of a truly superior being—

"I remember the first time I ever saw Mr. Canning; and you will permit me to remark, that in his single person he was of more importance than the whole of the diplomatic corps of which my ambassador made one. It was at a ball (at M. de Ch—d, then the French representative at the English court) that I saw him whose premature death has since plunged his whole country in grief, and whose loss has been deplored by every civilised nation. He was modestly seated in a corner, half concealed behind the door of the great room, where all the gay people were assembled; and, seeming to listen to the person with whom he was conversing, he occasionally passed and repassed his hand upon that noble and elevated forehead which added such expression to his physiognomy; and, far from appearing to seek, by a proud exacting look, the attention and respectful bows of those around him, he kept his eyes lowered and fixed on the ground. For him the ball, the brilliant fête, had disappeared, and he was sunk in one of his grand and generous contemplations, in which was involved the honour and happiness of a whole nation."

An amusing anecdote is thus appended—

"There are two other things for which distinguished men in England have a great aversion; first, the profound bows of most continental nations, and any decided compliment personally addressed to themselves. Like a conjuror, I have always my sack in reserve, in which I keep my examples: I will give you one in illustration of this remark. The gentleman to whom I am about to allude was of one of the most ancient families; but he possessed a still higher title to distinction than that bestowed by birth and situation—he was member of several learned societies, and endowed with the greatest talent, and full of scientific knowledge. I will call him Mr. C., as his family name begins with that letter. Besides the aversion to be noticed, of which I spoke above, he was peculiarly shy—a negative English quality with which I have already made you acquainted. Well, then, to my story: at a rather large 'réunion,' where Mr. C. had found his modest corner, and was talking, as he thought, secure from intrusion, one of his friends came to him, and, without any preface, presented him to a foreigner, a learned German, who desired, 'with the greatest ardour,' to make his acquaintance. Mr. C., already quite confused to find himself face to face with this foreigner, arose; and the latter,

after making him two or three profound bows, and giving him no time to recover himself, commences with, 'Sir! I have travelled several thousand miles from the further parts of Germany, in order to have the happiness of contemplating in you one of the greatest geniuses and one of the most learned men of the age!' So saying, he renewed his bows, and, on lifting up his head, to his great surprise found no one before him: Mr. C. had disappeared. After remaining for some moments as if stupefied, and without saying a word, he had turned his back to his compliment, and ran home to lock himself up in his room, and only there recovered his respiration."

Before concluding with the count's general conclusion, we may say, that, assuming the delicacy of not mentioning names, most of the persons introduced are so particularised, that their names might as well have been printed at full length; and that two rather preposterous performances in the way of illustrative art are given as frontispieces. But we end with our author:—

"For all that regards material or physical existence, for comforts, and the precautions taken against maladies, particularly colds (the frightful means of engendering that disease so fatal in England—consumption); for luxury of every description, for the extravagant expenditure of time and money offered to their individual persons, the English distinguish themselves amongst all people, from whatever rank you may choose them: but, on the other hand, they know but little of the real enjoyments of society, the pleasures of complete intimacy and of mutual good-will, and particularly that smiling good-humour and readiness to enjoy, which distinguish the French people—they who, notwithstanding the political commotions which are ever shaking their country, the dangers which are continually menacing it, the changes of its dynasty and constitution, nevertheless go on constantly and fully enjoying the pleasures of existence! I would represent England and France, those two great friendly rivals, in two distinct pictures, under the semblance of two female figures: the one of great beauty, but with a grave expression and reserved demeanour; in splendid apparel, with feathers in the head, and possessing an eye that haughtily and proudly seems to defy contempt, and exact respect rather than court admiration or inspire love. (The sky of this picture should be cloudy.) The other should be a graceful, lovely woman; her dress less magnificent, but more finished, more elegant; flowers in the hair; and her smiling lips and eyes should express just the contrary of those of her superb rival. (The sky of this picture should be on one side threatening storms, which the bright beams of the sun are dispersing.)"

The Keepsake for 1837. Edited by Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley. 8vo. pp. 328. London, 1837. Longman and Co.; Philadelphia, Desilver, Thomas, and Co.

THE ANNUALS we receive at a later period of the season do not enjoy so fair a chance of favourable acceptance as the earlier tomes. We are not like those who, seeing only one or two of these pretty things, can be tolerably amused with their miscellaneous contents; but, being obliged to peruse them all, by the time we have arrived towards the end of the lot, we get tired of the same sort of 'Fancy Articles,' just as one does in a shop when looking over the multiplied varieties of a similar kind, which the asiduous shopman lays upon the counter. *The Keepsake* is edited by Lady E. Wortley,

whose poetical publications are well known to the public; and she has gathered round her a host of fashion, if not a phalanx of literature. The list of contributors would satisfy the ardentest tuft-hunter in the world. Marquesses, countesses, lords, ladies, honourables, generals, M. P.'s, adorn almost every page; and "for the rest" the race of

"The tribe of gentlemen who write with ease" is proven and demonstrated to be not yet extinct.

Altogether, as a literary production, the volume is a light and pleasant trifle, and very like what we have seen before; for, unless new ground be broken, or other orders of genius called in, we must say that originality in an Annual is now entirely out of the question.

A slip-slop, lady-like notice, in very bad English, is prefixed, to request that "copies will be retained of all MSS." "as the editor begs leave to state, most explicitly, that she cannot undertake to return rejected articles;" and we then commence the work with a neat and lively dramatic sketch by Lady Dacre.

"Remembrance," a sweet poem by L. E. L., follows; and so on of other tales, of ordinary character, and verses not so high above mediocrity as most of their writers are, till we come to page 117, where a terse little piece by Lord Ashtown invites us to a convenient quotation:

"Lines addressed to a fair Whig who accused him of Toryism.

Yea! I confess myself a Tory.
While Beauty rules by right divine;
Submission is my pride and glory,
Command is yours—obedience mine.
Royal prerogatives belong
To all your sex—I'll tell you why—
The young and fair can do no wrong,
The old and ugly never die!"

The following, also, by F. P. Delmé Radcliffe, Esq., is a good example of the expression of natural predilections:—

"Hunting versus Yachting.
Some love to ride on the ocean tide,
There are charms in 'the dark blue sea';
But nerve at need, a gallant steed,
And the life of a hunter for me.
We plough the deep, or climb the steep,
With a heart and a hand as brave
As those who steer their bold career
Far o'er the foaming wave.
There is that in the sound of horn and hound
Which leaves all care behind,
And the huntsman's cheer delights the ear,
Borne merrily on the wind.
Oh! give me a place in the stirring chase,
A dull sky and a southern breeze,
May yourove in vain o'er the mighty main,
Ere you find any joys like these."

The "Old English Squire" abroad, by Mr. Charles Stuart Wortley, is a very clever and amusing tale, exhibiting the inconveniences and troubles which persons of English manners and habits must endure in foreign travel. Lord W. Lennox's "Orphan of Palestine" faithfully illustrates the print to which it is devoted; and Lord Ranelagh's "Letters from Spain" (though hardly of a class usual in Annuals) are exceedingly interesting, whether considered as views of that distracted country, or sketches of personal adventure. We will select a few passages:—

"One day, the king begged I would converse freely with him, and candidly repeat the opinions respecting him in England. I told him that, in my humble judgment, his cause would have been much more favourably viewed by my countrymen, had he not committed two errors: the first, in not acknowledging the Cortes' bonds; observing, had he done so, he might have had any money from us. That the Stock Exchange had put Don Pedro on the throne of Portugal; and that they were doing all they could to prevent his arriving at Madrid; as they had already

furnished the Christinos with the means of carrying on the war, and might eventually prevent his coming to his throne. That in England, he need never have paid those bonds, provided he had always borrowed money to pay the interest; for in that country, if you only acknowledge your debts, you will always raise a new loan to pay off an old one. His answer was, 'I know it, but how can I act? as I have laid down as a principle to do all my brother Ferdinand did. The debts which he acknowledged, I will also acknowledge. But those of the present government I never will acknowledge.' The second observation I made was, that I considered he had done himself harm in England, by issuing the Durango decree; for, had it not been for that decree, several English officers would have joined him; but, as it was, a great number had taken arms against him. Don Carlos' answer was, 'I was forced to sign it.' On another occasion, stating that I had observed he had no positions in the provinces fortified; that in all the towns he had taken from the Christinos, the works had been destroyed; and that, consequently, in case of reverse, he had no positions to retire upon; he answered me, 'Such was the system of Zumalacaregui.' On my taking leave of Don Carlos, he begged, as I was going through the provinces, I would continue my inquiries, and that on my return to England I would give a true and candid report of all I had seen. He added, 'Do not pass over the weak points of my cause, or conceal any you may observe. You see the confidence that reigns among all my followers; I want nothing but money, and a few more cavalry. I feel confident of ultimate success: but, it is an affair of time.'"

His lordship speaks very highly of Don Carlos' personal character; and, unless they fail from being too confident of success, assumes the triumph of the Carlists to be certain: but we leave such matters for an episode more Annual-ish:—

"Madrid, May 1st, 1836.—Having ridden through the greater part of Spain, I for the first time entered a diligence at Seville for Madrid. Our party consisted of some fifteen or sixteen persons; among whom were three officers going to join the army in the north. These worthies had cut off their moustaches, and called themselves *paisanos* in their passports; a subterfuge which, you will say, did not augur well for their fighting propensities. At Val de Peñas we arrived later than usual, and instead of remaining five or six hours to sleep, as is customary in Spain, we had only enjoyed a halt of about three hours, and therefore had not been at the trouble of undressing, when we were summoned to the diligence. The night was bitter cold, and a drizzling rain was falling; however, I soon adjusted myself in a corner, and had made all the knowing and comfortable arrangements of an experienced traveller, when off we started. I speedily yielded to the drowsiness occasioned by two sleepless nights; and think I must have been asleep about an hour, when I was awaked by hearing two shots fired near me. The first thing I saw was one of our escort jump from his seat and escape among the trees; and at the same moment I discovered that the mules had been drawn across the road, and were in confusion. I had hardly time to observe these circumstances, when three more shots were fired into the diligence. Instantly seizing my pistols in one hand, with the other I endeavoured to open the door; but failing, I laid my weapons upon the seat, and put my body out of the window, to enable me to use both hands in making this attempt;

when one of the robbers seeing me, with an oath levelled his musket at my head, and I drew back, expecting to receive his fire. During this disagreeable suspense, I heard the angry voices of several men, beating, as I thought, some of the passengers. Then again I ventured to look out, and could just distinguish two persons flat on their faces, with four or five men barbarously striking them about their heads with the butt end of their muskets. Unfortunately, however, from the window I could not take aim with any certainty; for the spot where this outrage was occurring, was at the back part of the diligence; and there were two or three men standing at the heads of the mules, within few yards of me. It being so very dark that I could not discover whether these individuals were friends or foes, I proposed to a Spanish colonel, who was in the coupé with me, that he should take one of my pistols, and rush out with me. But he refused, and entreated, and begged of me not to act in this manner, as I should only be sacrificing the lives of all the passengers in the diligence, although I might escape myself. I remonstrated with him, but in vain; he prayed me, at all events, to wait a few minutes, and see what their numbers were. I endeavoured to ascertain this fact; and told him I thought they were not more than four or five; but still he implored me to remain quiet. On looking out again, I observed the robbers still beating the two unfortunate men on the ground; at that moment, two of their party advanced and opened the door of the interior of the diligence; when one of them presented his musket, while the other demanded their money of the passengers. Thinking this a good opportunity, I put one pistol in the colonel's hand, and told him I could observe only four robbers, and that when they came and demanded our money I should fire and jump out, if he would follow me; but he again refused. I repeated to him I could only see four in number; that I was an officer and an Englishman; but all to no effect. The sole reply I could obtain from him was, that he had been robbed before, and that he begged I would wait and see whether they would be content with our money. He then, however, added, that should they not be satisfied with this concession, but attempt to maltreat us, he pledged me his word, as an officer, a gentleman, and a Spaniard, that he would act with me in any manner I thought best. Convinced that there was some reason in this proposal, I took off my chain and watch, and placed it in the window, quietly awaiting the issue. At this moment, two of the robbers came up to the door, presented their muskets, and demanded our money, which I gave with one hand, while in the other I held my pistol. They then left us; in fact, in less than ten minutes after the first shot was fired by these polite visitors, they had moved off with their booty, and two mules which they had taken from the diligence. The instant they had departed, I thought the only thing that remained with me to do, to sustain my credit as an Englishman, was to be the first out; and I can assure you, this feat was something, for not a person moved until full five minutes after I had alighted. The door of the interior stood open as it had been left; and those within spoke not a word, not even in answer to some questions which I put to them. It was with much difficulty I persuaded two of the passengers to help me in examining the men on the ground. I first asked the conductor, who was a personal friend of one of them, to assist me in this task, when his reply was, 'It will be of no use, they are

dead!' Such was the brutal apathy of this fellow, before he had even given himself the trouble to look at these unfortunate beings! On lifting up one of them, I found him so disfigured with bruises and blows, that any recognition would have been impossible. His head was so dreadfully fractured, that his recovery was doubtful. The other man was wounded in three places. Having placed these individuals in a careful position by the road-side, we quietly seated ourselves in the diligence, waiting for the civil authorities to take our depositions, which detained us nearly four hours. * * *

I was much amused when we changed horses at the stage before we arrived at Madrid, by observing some of the male passengers make their appearance covered with gold chains, rings, smart waistcoats, &c., which, on leaving Seville, it appeared they had bribed the conductor to conceal in the cushions of the diligence. * * * Nothing can be more painful than to behold this district abandoned to the caprice of Nature. Madrid has no environs, no country-seats, not a village or solitary house to be seen; and even within fifty yards of the gates, the land is uncultivated. *

We find it impossible to give any intelligible specimen of the inventions of fiction, and therefore, only mentioning Mrs. Shelley's "Parvenue" as the most novel and impressive of these stories, we conclude with a playful effusion of Theodore Hook:—

"A Riddle
On fluttering wings I early rose
In no exalted flight;
The lily in the shade that blows,
Not purer or more white.
At eve or morn 'twas pleasant sport,
Adown the stream to glide;
I helped my mother to support,
And never left her side.
A reckless man, who sealed my doom,
Resolved a prize to win,
Dragged me remorseless from my home,
And stripped me to the skin.
He cropped my hair, that skin he flayed,
And then, his ends to seek,
He slit my tongue, because he said
He thus could make me speak.
'Twas done—my name and nature changed,
For love of hateful gold,
With many victims bound and ranged,
To slavery I was sold.

I'm slave to any man, or all,
Yet do not toil for pelf,
And, though I'm ready at the call,
I cannot work myself.

Still, I in ev'ry language write
To ev'ry foreign land;

But yet, which may surprise you quite,
One not I understand.

Your tears and smiles I can excite,
Your inmost thoughts reveal,
Can give you sorrow or delight;
And yet, I have no feeling.

I can dispense the royal grace,

Can make a man, or mar;

Confer a pension or a place—

A halter, or a star.

The poet's verse, the doctor's draught,
Without my aid were failing;
Th' historian's page, the lawyer's craft,
Would all be unavailing.

Indeed, had man not changed my lot,
And claimed me for his own,
Shakespeare and Milton, Pope and Scott,
Perhaps had died unknown.

Wide spread abroad you'll find my fame,
In ev'ry shape and manner;
America respects my name.

'Tis blazoned on her banner.

On silver beds with lords I rest,
On wood with poor and wise men:
I clasp the tax-collector's breast,
And walk with the exciseman.

The dapper clerk, with office pay,

Who deaf to claims can be,

Although he drives me half the day,

Still lends his ear to me.

I'm growing old, and fate doth frown,

And alter'd is my station;

I'm cut by friends, who wear me down

By many an operation.

My mouth grows black, my lips are furled,
I never can get better;
I scarcely can express a word,
And hardly make a letter.
Long persecutions I have seen,
But this I must avow;
I think I never yet have been
So badly used as now."

The last verse is a capital epigram.

Heath's Book of Beauty. 1837. *With Nineteen beautifully finished Engravings, from Drawings by the first Artists.* Edited by the Countess of Blessington. 8vo. pp. 264. London, 1837. Longman and Co.; Philadelphia, Desilver, Thomas, and Co.

In our preceding review, we have made some remarks not inapplicable to this other Annual, which is, also, under a more experienced editor, collection of fancy-fair contributions, several of them from the same pens; with the additions, however, of B. L. Bulwer, H. L. Bulwer, Lord Strangford, W. S. Landor, H. J. Lowther, Barry Cornwall, the Authors of "Cecil Hyde" and "Vivian Grey," Mrs. S. C. Hall, Grantley Berkeley, and others, besides the fine supplies brought to strengthen the garrison by the accomplished editor herself. One of the most original papers, and almost a companion to Lord Ranleigh's "Modern Spain," is on the romantic history of the Arabs in that country, by the late Sir W. Gell. From this, also, we select a few brief extracts: —

"When Toledo was taken by Taric, in the year 713, the city, being the capital of Spain, was rich in treasure and precious objects. The Arab account says, that in a chamber of the alcazar of Tolaitola, were found twenty-five crowns of gold, set with jacinths, and other stones. On each crown was inscribed the name of the monarch who had worn it; and twenty-five kings of Gothic race had filled the throne. Taric had pursued his conquest with signal success, and excited the envy of Musa, the *wali*, or commander-in-chief of the west. Musa demanded the plunder, which Taric immediately gave up: but the grand prize, no less a wonder than the real and undoubted green table of the shew-bread of King Solomon himself, and, as the Arabs affirm, taken from the temple of Jerusalem, was found to have lost a leg, which, judging from the avidity with which it was sought, must have been of the most rare and precious material. The legend is curious: and though the table was only transported to Toledo by the conqueror, yet its fame was universally spread; and a numerous colony of Jews, established from very ancient times, believed that something supernatural was attached to its history. At Toledo, at the time of the conquest of Taric, the troops of Yemen and Persia were stationed, as the royal legion of Erness was, at Seville. The Egyptians were divided between Murcia and Lisbon; and the legion of Irak and Syria, consisting of ten thousand cavalry, were posted at Granada, as the Moslem historians say. It is not a little remarkable, that so much and such detailed accounts should have been preserved of a period when writing was so little practised by Europeans; but accurate descriptions of all that occurred were regularly transmitted to the caliph in the east. The lover of romance is, then, at Toledo, fairly launched into oriental society, provided he be sufficiently acquainted with what the Arab writers have left on the subject; otherwise, the positively visible towers of the Moors or Persians are but few, though we do not hear of many wilful destructions of their monuments, as at Valencia,

where King Don Jayme went himself with a silver mallet, to strike the first blow at the great mosque: after which, the whole court, assisted by the fanatic populace, attacked the Moorish buildings with such fury, that scarcely a vestige remains. It is impossible to feel sympathy with the invaders of a peaceful country: but, the Goths themselves were only successful intruders, who were driven out in their turn. They were, also, not a highly civilised nation: whereas the Moors were so far advanced both in science and in arms, that only their own divisions and jealousies could have caused their ruin. They have left books on every art and science, which prove that their historians were not always writing romance; and, it is confessed by the Spaniards themselves, that their intercourse with the Moors, during the wars for the recovery of the kingdom, was the source of much of the civilisation, and all the chivalry, for which Spain is chiefly celebrated. The writers of the old Spanish ballads were so insensibly seduced by the captivating tales and poetry of the Moors, that one of their authors says of them in verse:—

‘ Our Spanish bards renounce their creed,
And Christian love and faith refuse,
But prostitute to Mahomed
The choicest products of the muse.’

“ It is unnecessary to repeat, that the Moorish *ulemas* were the repositories of all the learning and science of their own and the preceding ages, or that one of their libraries had a catalogue of forty volumes to a collection of six hundred thousand books. But it is not so well known—for some pains have been taken to inculcate the contrary—that the Moors excelled in every sort of light poetry; and in that species, particularly, which afterwards became the much-admired historical and amorous ballads of Spain. The two languages were for a long time familiar to both people and to their rulers; so that it was naturally to be expected, that the rival poets and rhymers would fall into the same manner of recording events of national or poetical interest. How many of the supposed discoveries of modern times might really be traced to the Moors of Spain! In the library of the Moorish kings was a book on horticulture, which contained numerous experiments; the results of which have, in our days, rendered celebrated those who have published them as novelties. Among these experiments are, ‘ How to make a tree flower at pleasure: How to make the fruit of many colours: How to make pictures and writing on apples, as well as vine and fig-branches, of all hues: How to make flowering shrubs grow larger, and produce all manner of sweet odours.’ These are even yet beyond the reach of Mr. Knight’s experience. Few persons are aware that oranges and sugar were introduced by them; that apricot, or *alberikuk*—which accounts for the vulgar pronunciation—is Arabic; that box is equally so; with jasmine, and many other fruits and flowers. Among works, on enriching the soil of gardens, and irrigation of fields, we find poems on algebra, by Otham Said Ben Mohamad Alocabani, of Granada; a book, containing three hundred and fifty-five epigrams in praise of wine, by Abu Ishaak Ibrahim, which would scarcely be tolerated in Turkey: a treatise on the distance of the moon’s centre from the earth; another on burning glasses and parabolic mirrors; others on the veterinary science; on the determination of latitudes; free dialogues on love, chronology, orbits of comets; and the lives of famous knights, with the account of their

customs, arms, habits, and even the qualities of their horses, by Abu Abdallah Mohamad Ben Zaiad of Cordova. The Moors wrote on and studied, not only the abstruse sciences, but, though Mahometans, delighted in composing verses, and every species of light literature, like the most civilised of modern nations; than whom they do not seem to have been at all more moral or more scrupulous. The last work of a Moor, which it may be necessary to cite in proof of the liberality of the Andalusians, as compared to other Mahometans, contains the verses of Valadata, daughter of Mohamed Almostaki Billata, of Cordova, addressed to Abdusi, a noble knight of that city, who paid his addresses to her. When ladies could write verses they must have been far from ignorant; and the commencement of her poem proves that Valadata saw and was seen by her lover, and, it may be supposed, by the public. Conde had the object of discrediting former accounts in view, when he wrote that the ‘ Guerras Civiles de Granada’ was a tissue of fables contrary to the customs of Andalusia; for he had access to the Arabic library of the Escorial,—and any one may judge by the catalogue of Cassiril, how vast a range of light literature, implying or describing great freedom of manners, existed among the Spanish professors of the faith of Islam. The verses begin thus:—

‘ My presence wounds your heart, yet not less true
My cheeks in blushes prove my love for you;
Yet mutual wounds not equal shame impart,—
By all, my cheek is seen, but not your heart.’

We have now written thus much, to prove that the traveller is not so entirely without reason as might appear at first sight, when he indulges in the dreams of Moorish romance. Much has been said on the subject tending to impair our faith in the legends and traditions of the country; though, by depriving Spain of that source of interest, the recollections and history of the south are robbed of their most seducing charms. * * * * * The

Turks say the asses are all Christians; and it is not a little curious, that no sooner is the hour of prayer proclaimed from the minaret, and the *La Allah illa Allah* is announced in a clear and sonorous voice, than the solemn and impressive strain is answered by the abominable braying of every ass in the country. * * * * * Not far from Martos, are a valley and a defile, through which the Sierra Nevada, and even Granada itself, may be discerned, defended by five or six watch-towers, or *atalaya*, of the Moors. The little town of Alcandete, which next occurs, was besieged by the Moors in 1408, with an army of one hundred and twenty-five thousand foot, and seven thousand horse, at that time the whole force of Granada. The people begin in this district to assume an oriental aspect and costume; and, at Alcala La Real, the traveller is asked whether he will have his bed made in the European manner, or upon a carpet on the floor, as he might find it in the East. Even at Jaen, bedsteads are rather uncommon, and are distinguished by the name of *camas de madeira*, or wooden beds. At Alcala, the tables and chairs are so low as to be almost Asiatic, though the *Heza Alquilah*, or Castle of Dispute, as the Moors called it, was one of the first wrested from the declining kingdom of Granada, by the victorious Spaniards; and, consequently, must have had a Christian garrison at an early period. But this fact only confirms the observation, that, at one time, the frontier customs of the rival nations must have been similar. Alcala, Archidona, and Antequera, were the

three border towns of Christendom during the decline of the Mahometan power: yet scarcely any spot retains more ruins of Moorish towers, and embattled walls, than the last of these places, or looks more like the decayed cities of the East. It is impossible to quit Antequera without mentioning that—according to the Arab prophecies yet preserved in the office of the Inquisition at Granada, and to the manuscript found in the cave of Castares, in the Algruxara mountains—it will be one of the first cities retaken by the Mahometans, at the moment when they return to repossess themselves of Spain. These wild reveries were translated by Alonzo de Castillo, interpreter of the holy office; but he remarks, that the language is, perhaps, purposely so involved, that the sense is not always clear; and the Arabic is so equivocal a tongue, that a long or a short vowel often changes the meaning of a phrase. The Turks, as these prophecies say, will, at a certain time, march an army and take Rome, and afterwards all Spain; and a flaming comet shall be the signal for the commencement of this conquest. The prophecy of Tauca al Hamema, or the dove’s breast, informs us, ‘ that succour shall arrive to Islam when the year begins on a Saturday, and a cloud of birds shall appear, among which, two shall be the angels Gabriel and Michael. Then, also, shall the whole world profess the faith of Mahomet. The moon shall be seen to descend into the garden of Tuherma, after the sun shall have risen, divided into halves, and prophets shall appear; and a king, the son of a faultless king, shall take the Alhambra, and, issuing thence, vanquish other provinces and kingdoms. Then, shall be glory to the Moors. Then, too, shall this monarch obtain possession of Seville, and, at the first sally, of Antequera, climbing over and destroying its walls. Seven years shall these victories continue; and the riches of the heretics, whose sins are heavier than mountains, shall be seized. At that time Dolaris will be king of the Christians, and a brutal old Antichrist will sow at mid-day, and reap at vespers, and will plant trees with his right-hand, while he plucks their fruits with his left.’ A part of this prophecy may not be uninteresting to the English reader; for, it declares that, ‘ The children of those who adore only one God shall possess Gibraltar in the tenth generation; and what God has revealed, fails not, nor can be avoided. Amen.’

This admirable sketch causes us deeply to regret that the same competent hand had not traced the entire history of the Moors in Spain. What a delightful work it must have been! Our next selection is an Eastern story.

“ During the tedious hours that too often intervene in the domestic seclusion of Eastern life, a relief from its monotony is not unfrequently sought by the sultan and sultana, in resorting to an apartment which overlooks the court, commanding a distinct view of the ingress and egress of all who approach or leave the palace. Here, reclined on her ottoman, and shaded by curtains and blinds, the favourite can observe, without being observed; while the sultan, luxuriously laid on a couch, in a more remote part of the chamber, resigns himself, with closed eyes, to the *dolce far niente*, his sultana informing him of all who make their entrances or exits, and giving him her comments thereupon. In one of these chambers reclined the Sultan Mustapha and his sultana, who, though little known in history, were greatly esteemed by their subjects for their wisdom; but above all, for that affability which, perhaps, is not the least proof of it in

monarchs, though it is the one most easily yet rarely practised. While the sultana opened her lustrous eyes, in the hope of discovering some object to amuse her vacant mind, and the sultan closed his, from indolence, an individual, crossing the court, and entering the palace, excited her curiosity. This man had long followed the occupation of a fisherman, and supported a large family by the sale of what he caught: he was clever, and well versed in all that cunning which is so common in the East, and to which, necessity frequently obliged him to have recourse. He had had the good fortune to catch a kheréet, of a size rarely met with in that species: and, thinking it a pity that so fine a fish should be cut into small portions for the market, to suit the convenience of ordinary customers, he resolved on presenting it to his sovereign; and repaired with this proud specimen of his sport, to the royal palace. No sooner had he entered the door beneath the sitting-room of the sultan, than he was summoned to appear before him, and to explain the object of his visit. ' Fortune,' said the fisherman, ' has given me this fine kheréet, which appeared to me of such uncommon size and beauty, that I scrouped to send it to the market; and, knowing that no one's table was so well suited to receive it as your majesty's, I have brought it here to lay it at your feet, and to beg you to accept it.' ' Makbool, makbool—the gift is welcome,' said the sultan. ' Here, are a hundred gold mahbôobs; take them and prosper.' The grateful and delighted fisherman kissed the ground before him, and retired; but, scarcely had he left the room, when the sultana upbraided her husband, for his extravagant generosity. ' How,' said she, ' could you think of giving the man a hundred mahbôobs for a paltry fish? A hundred mahbôobs! Would not one be much more than it is worth? Had you given him five, the present would have been a noble one, and he would have had cause to bless you, and to pray that your life would be long; but to throw away a hundred mahbôobs in such a manner is absurd. I have no patience with you; men have no discretion. Do call him back, and take them from him. I desire that you do.' ' How,' said the sultan, can I take away a gift? it would be unworthy of a monarch.' ' Not at all: has not he who gives, a right to reclaim his gift?' ' A right! yes, but how mean would it be? Would it not be said that Sultan Mustapha was capricious, and did not know his own mind?' ' Well, then,' said the sultana, ' make some excuse; but take back the money you must.' ' Yet what excuse can I make; what can I say?' ' Say! oh, ask him if the fish is a male or a female; and if he answers a male, say I wanted a female; and if he tells you it is a female, say you wanted a male.' The fisherman was sent for, and brought back. ' Tell me,' said the sultan, ' is that fish a male, or a female?' ' I beg your majesty's pardon, it would be a disgrace to my beard if I spoke an untruth; this kind of fish is both male and female.' The sultan could say no more; the fisherman saved his hundred mahbôobs, and the plans of the angry sultana were defeated. But, seeing that the fisherman was aware of the snare that had been laid for him, and admiring the ingenious manner in which he had extricated himself, the sultan doubled the present; and once more dismissed him with good wishes for his prosperity. The indignation of the sultana was excessive; all complaint, however, was vain, and she was silent. The fisherman walked slowly across the court, carrying the sack which contained the money on his shoul-

der; but, hearing one of the gold coins fall upon the hard ground, he stopped to look for it; and, after searching for some time, found it, and then proceeded on his way. ' Look,' said the sultana, ' observe the avarice of that wretch; one mahbôob fell from his bag, and not contented with the hundred and ninety-nine that remained, he has had the meanness to stop to pick it up, and even to toil in searching for it. Could he not have left it for some of our servants who might chance to pass that way, and find it? What a vile monster! Do call him back, and take it all away from him? I would have him bastinadoed; he really deserves any punishment; the stick would be too lenient for such a sordid creature. By your head! I—' ' Well, well, you shall be satisfied. I really do think his meanness deserves a severe punishment, and the money shall be taken from him.' The fisherman was sent for, and brought again into the royal presence. ' Why,' said the sultan, ' could you not leave that one mahbôob which fell to the ground, and rest contented with the hundred and ninety-nine that remained? Could you not spare it for some one of my servants who, accidentally passing that way, might have found it, and blessed me for his good luck? Are you so covetous? and that, too, after all my liberality to you!' ' It was originally my intention,' replied the fisherman, ' to have done as you suggest. I was actually pursuing my way, resolved to leave the coin where it fell, when it occurred to me that your majesty's sacred head and revered name were inscribed upon it; and I thought that if any one happened inadvertently to put his foot upon it, and trample upon that blessed head and name, the fault would have been mine: and I should never have forgiven myself for my neglect in leaving it on the ground.' With this reply, the sultan was delighted; and, inwardly commending his quickness, he presented him with another two hundred mahbôobs. Then, convinced of his folly in permitting the imprudent interference of the queen, he issued a proclamation, that no man for the future should on any account listen to the advice of his wife: a proclamation which, if rumour be true, is said to have decreased his popularity with the wives rather more than it increased it with the husbands throughout his empire, and to have led to insurrection in public, and insubordination in private.'

Our limits forbid further illustration; and, without touching on the poetical compositions, we may just say, that "Francesca Pignatelli," a Neapolitan story, founded on a very tragical legend, by the Hon. Keppel R. Craven, is of deep interest; the "Honey Moon," by Lady Blessington—very sparkling; and, (we were going to add, "The Sea, the Sea," a stirring tale by Lord Nugent; and "Nothing," a very lively *jeu d'esprit* by Mr. Grantley Berkeley, but we find our note on them refers to the "Keepsake,") so we conclude with naming Mr. James Smith for epigrammatic, and Mrs. Fairlie and Miss L. H. Sheridan for graceful co-operation.

On the Disease of the Hip-Joint. With plain and coloured Plates. By W. Coulson. 4to. Pp. 111. London. T. Hurst.

IT was only a few months since that we were called upon to notice, in terms of unqualified approbation, the work of this sedulous, able, and rising young surgeon (we do not speak of him as a rising youth, but as rising from extensive practice, the result of a few years, towards the top of his arduous profession); and it is already our duty to offer a similar tribute to

the production before us. The disease of which it treats is one of serious and painful importance, and much diversity of medical opinion has prevailed, to the present hour, concerning it. Mr. Coulson's essay is eminently calculated to remove this opprobrium, and throw a light upon the subject equally beneficial to science and humanity. He has devoted earnest attention to the investigation himself; and he has paid due attention to the experience of such men as Key and Liston, to both of whom he acknowledges his obligations. The latter, indeed, is a great authority on the disease; and Mr. C. says—

"I cannot conclude without publicly expressing thanks to Mr. Liston, for the assistance which he has rendered me in investigating the morbid changes which take place in this disease, and his liberality in permitting me to take drawings of some of his valuable specimens."

These specimens are, perhaps, not to be surpassed in all London put together, for their valuable data in studying the nature of the disease; and it is from the possession of such, in this as in other difficult surgical questions, that the distinguished individual alluded to has obtained that mastery of knowledge and skill which is almost every day adding some new proof of his talent to the extraordinary list of his operations. It was only last week that he publicly removed a tumour of prodigious and horrid aspect, from the face of a miserable female, and restored her who was deemed incurable, as if by a miracle, to comfort and health, with hardly the mark of a cicatrix. But to return to Mr. Coulson, who is so honourably pursuing a similar course; he holds, that the cause of the disease is deranged secretion, and that acrofula and accidents precede or lead to its development. Having stated this, he says—

"Now, if this view be correct, what must be thought of the value of many of the topical remedies which we are in the habit of using on patients—I mean, issues, setons, moxie, &c. &c.? And how strange is it, that, although the most industrious and persevering use of these severe inflictions has uniformly failed—although the disease generally runs its career in spite of them, we have failed, to alter our method. For myself, I must confess, that the signal failure of these means—the exacerbation of nearly every case in which they have been employed, is the very circumstance which has led me to these pathological reflections, and to that which seems to me a rational method of treatment. The following will have been found, apply to, or are illustrated by, every circumstance connected with the various causes, or supposed causes, and conditions of the disease. Under most of these circumstances, it will be observed, that not only are the secreting organs powerful and active, but the whole vital system is large; while the locomotive system is proportionally feeble, and becomes a sacrifice to the excess or derangement of the former. It is on these principles that this disease is more prevalent in some countries than in others; as in England and Holland, of which the Saxon population is characterised by the magnitude of the trunk and of the vital organs, while the limbs and locomotive system are small and feeble. In Holland, according to Camper, one person in twenty-eight, in his time, went lame. The same principles apply to ages. In children, similar proportions and conditions of these systems prevail—the trunk is large; the limbs are short; and they are peculiarly subject to this complaint. Hence it is, even prior to birth, the organisation of the joints becomes deranged, and such changes are effected as to cause this form of disease."

For treatment, &c. we must refer to the work itself, and have only to add, that the plates are admirably executed.

Two Months at Kilkee. By Mary John Knott. 18mo. Pp. 255. Dublin, 1836. Currys, and Co.

WHERE the deuce is Kilkee? exclaim our impatient readers. Whereabouts? in what country? probably in Ireland, as it begins with *Kil*, like Kilkenny, Kilmany, Kilmore, and many more. The last guess is right. Kilkee is a small but rising watering-place on the

Atlantic shore, on the right arm of the noble Shannon, as it pours its flood into the ocean. Far too little is this wonderfully picturesque coast, with its magnificent scenery, rocks and caverns, known to the world; and we rejoice to welcome any publication which may contribute to the extension and illustration of its claims to general notice. Ballybunian, on the opposite bank, was finely described, and its remarkable geological features admirably explained, by Mr. W. Ainsworth (now the gallant companion of the intrepid Chesney); and we are pleased to see Mrs. Knott quote considerably from his valuable volume. Having descended the Shannon in the "6th month," for the author is one of the Society of Friends, she landed at Kilrush (puffing out the rush-light, as Othello might say), and thence proceeded to Kilkee for sea-bathing. It is as yet but a small affair, but surrounded by a multitude of attractive objects. We must, however, be content with referring to the original for an account of these; and extract a melancholy story, which shews how rapidly and fatally the tide often rises on this shore:—

"Soon after we landed, the great assemblage of people who thronged the shore announced that some accident had happened: we soon learned the painful certainty. A young married couple, who had gone out in the morning to cut sea-weed, had both been drowned: the body of the youthful wife was just then brought to the beach. Her afflicted father, on seeing the corpse, rushed into the water and received it in his arms; and then placed the inanimate form of his beloved child on the bosom of her bereaved mother, who sat in a cart brought to convey the remains to her late happy home. In the evening I took a solitary walk on the strand, which was quite deserted: the total absence of every sound, save that of the advancing and retreating wave; heaps of sea-weed which lay scattered around, the mementos of the destruction of human life which marked that eventful day, all conspired to lead the mind to serious contemplation on the uncertainty of time, and the necessity of seeking a preparation for that awful moment which is fast hastening upon all, when the hand of death shall be imprinted on every feature, and the frail body can no longer detain the immortal soul. The idea of visiting the desolated family, who lived a few miles distant, was suggested; and we were amply repaid for the toil of ascending a mountain-road, by the interesting particulars which we gathered respecting this melancholy catastrophe. The deceased was the daughter of a native named William Fennel, and but eighteen summers' suns had passed o'er her youthful brow; a few months before she had been united in marriage to an amiable young man, aged twenty-one. She and her husband had remained under her parental roof, but were building a cottage; and on that eventful morning they had gone to cut sea-weed to manure a little potato-garden, intended for their future support. The youthful couple had repaired to the rocks of Moveen Bay for that purpose. We had the following particulars of this melancholy circumstance from a bystander. The husband stood on a cliff, whilst his wife at the bottom cut the sea-weed, and loaded a basket which he by a rope drew up, to save the labour of carrying it round by the rocks: whilst she was thus employed, an unexpected large wave, to which this coast is liable, swept her and a faithful dog who stood beside her into the sea; her husband saw the awful event, but was at too great a distance to render her prompt as-

sistance. In a state of distraction, he was in the act of plunging into the water, which from the force of the waves would probably have been inevitable destruction, when some women who stood by laid hold on and prevented him. No other man being present, he seized a canoe which was at some distance, and which is considered a sufficient load for two men, carried it down to the water, launched it, and paddled towards his wife, who had seized the dog, held it in her arms, and continued to float till he reached the spot. On approaching, he found the weeds which she had cut were wrapped about her head, and the mandate had gone forth:—

'Spirit! leave thine house of clay;
Ling'ring dust, reign thy breath!
Spirit! cast thy chains away;
Dust, be thou dissolved in death!'

This was too much for the heart of her affectionate husband; he became faint, called to the women on the shore that he was going, desired them to pray for him, became immediately overpowered, and fell almost in a state of insensibility. His weight upset the boat, and he 'sunk to rise no more' their faithful dog remained in the water until life was extinct in both, and then watched from the rocks until a boat was sent round from Kilkee to bring the young woman's corpse to the strand. The poor animal followed along the cliffs, keeping the boat in sight, and was waiting at the water's edge by the time it had arrived, howling most piteously; he accompanied the remains home, and then returned to the rock where he last saw his master, who was not found until next day: there he stayed the remainder of that day and night without food, and shewing every demonstration of distress. After considerable exertion, the body of the young man was found; his leg having got fast in a cleft of the rock prevented his rising to the surface. The poor animal, on seeing his master's body taken up, appeared rejoiced, and followed the procession to the house of mourning, and continued there until he attended the remains to the silent tomb; and after the melancholy duties were performed, he took up his abode with a brother of his late master, with whom they had both lived before his marriage. The mother said, 'Captain' used to go to their house at night and examine for him, and that he long continued to go to the different houses of his master's friends, and sometimes get in and search about, and at night howl at their doors. My brother, struck with the fidelity and sagacity of poor wandering Captain, prevailed on his owner to sell him, and he has now become quite attached to his new friends. There is another circumstance connected with this case, so honourable to one of the parties, that I cannot well refrain from mentioning it. The young couple had possessed a cow and horse; their friends, from poverty, were unable to make up sufficient money to pay their funeral expenses, and the cattle in consequence were sold. A small balance remained after the sad duties were performed, which was insufficient to pay trifling debts they had incurred in building their house, together with their rent. Such was the integrity of his affectionate brother, that he proposed making up the deficiency when his own little crops came round, adding, that 'he would sell the coat off his back, rather than that any one should have it in his power to reflect on his brother's memory by saying that he owed them a shilling.' William Fennel, the father of the young woman, informed us that, about twenty years ago, he, with two men and one woman belonging to his

family, were swept off the rocks, in the same bay, by an unexpected large billow, and that his life alone was saved."

Our author is a great ally of Temperance Societies, and, in general, displays those philanthropic feelings which do so much honour to many of the same religious sect. The following is no part of cruelty to animals:—

"Some of the donkeys here are remarkably pretty: they are round, plump, and very clean; and so gentle, that we have seen them passing quietly along without any bridle, carrying a panier on either side, a small child or two sometimes sitting behind, apparently without the least fear. Whether it be the sea-weed, on which some of them choose to feed, or the boiled potatoes that are given to them when young, I cannot say, but certainly they do much credit to their owners. The horses in the interior are in very good condition; in the absence of oats, many of them get a stone of boiled potatoes per day."

Of the bathing we are told:—

"Several extraordinary recoveries from accidents, complaints of the spine, &c. &c., have, from time to time, taken place here. A lady who had received a serious injury on the back by a fall from a horse, and for several years was unable to walk, was brought some time since on a litter to Kilkee, where she spent most of the summer. Soon after her arrival she used the warm bath, and began to amend: and, before she left it, she was able to walk miles along the cliff, and has continued a healthy woman since. In fine weather the invalid is brought on a couch to the strand, to enjoy the animated scene, and inhale the refreshing breeze. The mode of bathing occasionally used in spinal complaints was new to us. The patient is laid on a wide board, which is carried by two persons into the water, where, without the slightest personal exertion, the invalid is gently dipped. A species of sea-weed grows on this coast; the natives boil it to a jelly, with which they rub weak limbs; they consider it excellent for removing 'pains out of the joints.' In the summer of 1834, a friend of mine was accosted by a well-dressed young man, who asked for charity. On expressing her surprise at seeing him begging, he said that he was a horse-rider, and that, a considerable time back, he had been thrown from the saddle, by which his thigh was broken, and he became quite disabled and went on crutches. Being recommended to try the water at Kilkee, the gentleman to whom the horse belonged gave him a pound to pay his expenses: by bathing, and the use of the sea-weed already mentioned, at the end of a month he was able to lay aside one of his crutches; and 'now,' said he, 'I am six weeks here to-day, and, thank God, this morning I broke up my last crutch to boil my *puayties* (potatoes); and if the ladies and gentlemen will give me as much as will keep me for another week, I'll go home as whole and sound as ever I was.' The ease of the individual to whom I am indebted for this interesting anecdote, presents another striking instance of the efficacy derived from the use of the sea-weed, &c.: a violent pain of the hip was entirely removed at the end of a month; of this complaint she has not since had any return. Persons even in health generally remain a week in town before they go into the water, to allow the system to accommodate itself to the change of atmosphere; by omitting this precaution, some individuals, during our stay, sustained injury from taking cold, &c."

One quotation more.

"I shall here mention a singular custom

which prevails in some parts of this district, which may be new to many of my readers; as it was to myself. When driving past a cottage where the females are spinning wool or knitting, one of them suddenly rushes across the road, holding a thread, which is held by another at the opposite end, and a tribute from the passenger is expected. The driver, not at all deficient in politeness to his female friends, pulls up, being loth to 'break the thread.' A demand is then made, in Irish, for something to buy oil or to forward the work, which the charioteer interprets. On a trifling being given, the impediment is withdrawn, and the party proceeds. This ceremony generally takes place at every cottage, if the inmates are timely apprised, until money and patience are both exhausted. Those who have missed their object in the first instance, having, perhaps, heard of the success of their neighbours, watch for the party returning. When the change happens to be run out, which may often be the case, from the frequent demands, it seems almost in vain to attempt to get past on that ground, particularly if the tourist's expectation of seeing objects of curiosity, or getting timely home, depends on what is termed a 'stopping horse,' who is more inclined to go back than forward on being suddenly checked. One of these strings (I believe accidentally) rubbing across the nose of our horse, occasioned him to take fright; and, but for the dexterity of the driver in seizing him by the head, might have upset the car, and broken some of our limbs. If these demands were only occasionally made, they might be complied with; but the inmates of every cottage think they have a right to do so every day. It has now become a complete annoyance; and it is high time that it should be put an end to. If strangers choose to give the poor people a trifle, surely it ought not to be at the risk of life and limb."

Some neat prints embellish this volume; and we are sure, if it induce any English wanderers to seek summer or autumnal health in the south or south-west of Ireland, they will be amply recompensed and gratified.

Voyage Pittoresque, for 1837. Le Grand-Duché de Bade. Par Le Baron de Morlemart-Boisse. Orné de Vingt-quatre Vues, dessinées d'après Nature par F. A. Pernot. Londres, Hering.

DURING the last few years, the celebrated baths of Baden have been visited by a great many English. To those who have already been there, and to those who intend to go, this description of the duchy in which the baths are situated will be equally interesting: to the latter as a guide, to the former as a remembrancer. The plates, although they do not rise much above the rank of "topographical," no doubt convey a very faithful idea of the picturesque and romantic scenery which they represent. As we are unable to transfer any of them to our pages, we will, in lieu, quote one of the numerous legends and traditions with which the district abounds. It shall be of the ruins of the Castle of Ybourg, on the borders of the Black Forest.

A Seigneur of Ybourg had dissipated all his property in the most profligate manner. Not knowing what else to do, he became a highway robber. The profession was sometimes profitable, but it was uncertain. One day, he lost an eye, and almost all his followers. Eventually he remained nearly alone in his fortress, which had resisted all assaults, but he had no longer estates, fiefs, or vassals.

Wearied with his prison, he sallied forth one

night, by moonlight, under the great cypresses of the forest. Always completely armed, he feared no surprise, and the hour afforded him additional security. He had scarcely advanced twenty steps from the last drawbridge of his castle, when a tall, grim, and meagre pilgrim accosted him, and, in a few words, feared that a seigneur without a seignior was poorer than a pilgrim with his wallet. An unknown power fascinated the chevalier: the same power induced him to confess to the pilgrim that he was destitute, and that he wished again to be rich.

"Become rich," said the pilgrim, "for I possess a secret with which I will repay your hospitality. To-night, precisely at twelve o'clock, enter the chapel in which your ancestors repose; dig to the bottom of their tombs; you will there find hidden treasures."

The chevalier rallied, his form dilated, but his hair stood on end, unknown to himself.

"First, chevalier, you must take, one by one,

all the bones of your progenitors, and expose them, outside the chapel, to the rays of the moon."

The chevalier started. "You are afraid, Seigneur of Ybourg;" and the latter recovered himself, and called his self-love to his aid.

At length, after much hesitation, which the pilgrim knew how to combat, the seigneur yielded; and, in the kind of frenzied profanation to which the devil urged him (for you have already guessed his instigator), he returned to the castle, followed by the pilgrim, and when twelve struck, he descended into the vaults in which were the armorial tombs of his ancestors, and had the hardihood to disturb their remains in seeking for the treasures he so much desired.

"That is not enough," said a voice which resounded through the vaults, "you must throw those bones out." Every limb of the chevalier trembled as he replied, "The darkness prevents me from seeing them." "You shall soon see them," repeated the voice, which no longer seemed to be human; and presently a dim and greenish light appeared on the tomb of the chevalier's own son. The chevalier ceased to be master of himself. He threw out the bones of his fathers, and even opened the tomb of his son. But the sight of the poor child, who appeared as if he had died only yesterday, so affected him, that he no longer thought of becoming rich: he gazed on his son, a tear escaped from his eye, and Satan, perceiving that he was slipping through his fingers, made a last attempt from the chapel-door (for he was unable to enter). "Come! you lack courage, chevalier; take up that carcass, and cast it out, like the others." Instantly, by a rare miracle, the child sat up in its tomb, and exclaimed, "Be gone from this place, Satan! the power is at an end." Satan, enraged, withdrew; but his vengeance was prompt. The earth shook, the thunder burst, and the walls of the chapel and the castle were overthrown: Ybourg became only a mass of rubbish.

The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not. Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall. 12mo. London, 1837. Ackermann and Co.; Westley and Davis.

THIS is a pretty little volume, well diversified with prose and verse. Miss Leslie has given us a "Week of Idleness," which, nevertheless, she has turned to good account; and Mrs. Hall's introductory letter is written with a charming simplicity; and we also like exceedingly Dr. Walsh's "Rose of Jericho." But the gem of the book is Mr. Blanchard's

* A more historical version, states, that about the year 1325, a band of armed rebels and foreigners reduced the castle to its present condition.

poem; so musical, so simple, yet so "finely touched to a fine issue." We must quote the concluding stanzas of the address to the youthful heir of wealth and honour.

"The villagers round, for a long, long way,
Will do thy bidding and earn thy pay;
On thee will depend (oh! think the while!)
Whether those poor men weep or smile.

Standing upright, in future years,
High and honoured among thy peers,
Fame and glory, pleasure and power,
May spring in thy path from hour to hour.

Oh! what a future, noble boy!
Oh! what a world of unfolding joy!
Glorious future! hold the prize,
Steady and bright, to his longing eyes.

And yet, young lord, though the tree, whose root

Pillows thy childhood, hath golden fruit,

It may be bitter when plucked from the bough:

Fancy lends half of its sweetness now.

The ripe fruit drops at the schoolboy's feet,
An unearned prize, and its taste is sweet;

But its flavour is not, so he thinks sometimes,

So precious as that for which he climbs.

Whatever the pleasure or pride may be
The future is gathering up for thee;

They cannot restore thee—even this—

The present, the season of surest bliss!

Though bright, young lord, thy full noonday,
Its dawn is brighter, while round thy way

The wild romance of childhood gleams,

With its sweet delights and silvery dreams."

We must also take an anecdote from Miss Dagley's pleasant and kind-hearted paper, called "A Plea for Cats."

"The first instance of peculiar intelligence that I ever remarked, was in the manner in which a cat, that lived with us for several years, was first established in our family. Soon after removing to our present neighbourhood, we observed, at different times, a large black and white cat, creeping stealthily along the walls of the garden. From the frightened looks and lank sides of the creature, it was evident that it had no home. Indeed, out of all the inhabitants of the place, there was but one individual who shewed any degree of compassion for the unfortunate cat; and, as it frequently happens, that where the will is good the power is wanting, so it proved in this instance. Mrs. Robinson would willingly have taken the poor animal into the house, but she had got a pet cat of her own, who had no mind that a stranger should share with her the favour of her mistress: and the old lady, therefore, made application to us in behalf of the poor wanderer, and we accordingly agreed to take her in. The business, however, was not easily managed: poor puss had encountered so many buffets in the world, that she had become very suspicious; and our intended kindness was regarded by her as nothing better than a snare. The fact was, for a considerable time, the animal had been picking up a living as she could, which, it must be acknowledged, was not always in an honest way. All the servants in the neighbourhood were kept upon the alert with regard to their pantries; but, to own the truth, their vigilance was seldom a match for the cat's. Necessity is said to be the parent of invention; and, indeed, it had sharpened her wits in a wonderful manner: certainly, had the good folks of our terrace been superstitiously inclined, something more than cat-cunning would have been attributed to her. Locks and fastenings were declared useless, and a safe was no security: for many a time was some delicate morsel extracted, nobody could tell how, nor by whom; but, of course, all such depredations were laid to the charge of the strange cat, who, it may well be supposed, was rather obnoxious in the place. The creature, however, seemed to hold a charmed life; for, notwithstanding the numberless enemies that had vowed her doom, pass-

contrived more dexterously to escape from her foes and still to wander at liberty. It was, however, a life of peril; and the many rebuffs she met with made her look upon every one with terror, our friend Mrs. Robinson alone excepted. Seeing how matters stood, we considered the best means of enticing the poor cat would be to set food in her way, and that, finding we had no hostile intentions towards her, in time she might be encouraged to seek our better acquaintance. No such thing, however: the milk and meat which we placed for her were regularly dispatched; but, at the sight of any of the family, or the sound of our footsteps, the animal would dart off at her utmost speed. At last, the good old lady who had so long defended the cat, tired with the slow mode of proceeding, took the trouble to bring her to our house herself. The creature at first seemed frightened, and looked, from time to time, imploringly at Mrs. Robinson; but, after a while, finding that no one attempted to hurt or molest her, she became tranquil, and so perfectly at her ease as to lap milk, wash her face, and then, to our infinite wonder, rest her fore-paws on the fender, as if to thoroughly enjoy the comfort of a fire,—a luxury poor puss had long been unaccustomed to. Some time after Mrs. Robinson had left, the cat contrived to make her escape, and we concluded we should see no more of the creature, unless our friend would again be at the pains of bringing her. To our surprise, however, in about an hour after, there sat puss outside the kitchen window; and, instead of flying off at our approach, when we opened it, the animal entered it as orderly as if she had always been used so do so. Having once ascertained that we meant her no harm, she returned fearlessly to the house, which, from that hour, she gladly made her home. So quick a transition from terror and suspicion to the most perfect confidence, I cannot help considering a remarkable proof of feline intelligence and sagacity."

We had ourselves a cat in our house, which ought to have belonged to Mr. Malthus. Her first litter of kittens was drowned, excepting one, which she brought up. Of the next litter, one was also preserved; but the cat had no further desire to experience the transports of maternal love: for the first time she saw the servant standing by a pail of water, she brought the kitten in her mouth, and laid it beside, looking up, as much as to say, "Put it in;" and from that time never would nurse it.

Lais Inédits des XII^e et XIII^e Siècles, publiés pour la première fois d'après les manuscrits de France et d'Angleterre. Par Françoise Michel. 12mo. 1836. Paris, Techener; London, Pickering.

Li Romans de Parise la Duchesse. Publié par G. F. de Martonne. 12mo. 1836. Paris, Techener; London, Pickering.

Or late, we have often had occasion to point out to our readers the numerous publications of their earlier literature which are now so constantly appearing among our continental neighbours. Our attention is again called to the subject by the two works whose titles we have just rehearsed, and which are important additions to what had been already done. The name of the editor of the first of these volumes carries now with it so much authority as to render it unnecessary to dwell on its praise.

We will not enter into the history or origin of the ancient lays, a subject on which so much has been said, and so little satisfactorily. M. Michel has here presented us with three lays, which were hitherto almost unknown, and

which are in several points of view very curious and important; the more so as the subjects of two belong to Great Britain, and not to Bretagne; and as one is a legend of faërie, which may be compared with the well-known lay of Lauval. Its scene is a wood in Scotland, and the poem is called the "Lai du Désiré." The second, the "Lai de l'Ombre," tells how a knight gained the heart of a fair lady by courting her shadow; the third, and last, is the "Lai du Conseil;" and we counsel all who are interested in the literature of our forefathers in the middle ages to buy and read the book. In the preface to this interesting little volume, M. Michel has printed an extract from a French song, apparently of the thirteenth century, which contains a most curious and minute description of the mariner's compass, and its uses.

The romance edited by Martonne belongs to that curious and extensive family which, from the period to which all its subjects refer, has been denominated the Carlovingian cycle; and it is printed in a form and manner so as to range with the two volumes of this cycle already published by M. Paulin, Paris, namely, the romances of Berte and of Garin the Lorrain. Parise is, according to the *roman*, the spouse of the Duke of St. Giles; and, falsely traduced by her enemies, she is banished from her husband's dominions. When she leaves her home, she is *enceinte*; and in the wild wood she is delivered of a son, who is stolen from her; and who, after many romantic adventures, discovers his mother when he has arrived at years of discretion, and at the same time revenges her of her enemies, and restores her to the affections of her lord. This romance, like many others of the same period, is full of interesting and touching incidents, which prove to us more and more that, as they become better known, the remnants of the literature of our forefathers will be rescued from the hands of the mere antiquaries, and will become the favourites of men of taste and judgment.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Naturalist's Library. Ornithology, Vol. VI. 18mo. Pp. 187. (Edinburgh, Lizar; London, Highley; Dublin, Curry, Jun.)—Sir W. Jardine, with the co-operation of Mr. Selby, has here given us a richly embellished volume. A brief memoir of Thomas Bewick, accompanying a portrait of that remarkable artist, is the fitting prefatory matter; and then follows the natural history of the parrot tribes, macaws, cockatoos, lorises, lovebirds, &c. &c. Some of them are very rare, and have only recently become known; but all are figured and coloured in an admirable style. We select the account of the *Pionus* of Le Vaillant as a specimen of the whole.

"This is an African species, inhabiting, at a certain period, the eastern parts of that continent, as high a latitude as 39°. It was first described and figured by Le Vaillant, who informed us that it only resides in the woods, in the latitude above mentioned, during the season of reproduction, quitting them for warmer districts on the approach of the rainy season, after it has reared its young; and that, during these migratory movements, the flocks fly so high as to be beyond the reach of sight, though their screams or call-notes can still be heard. As usual in this family, the hollow of a tree is the receptacle for the eggs, which are four in number, in size equal to those of a pigeon, and which are incubated alternately by both sexes. The young, when first hatched, are naked, but soon become covered with grayish down. Their plumage is not perfected till after an interval of six weeks, and they remain a considerable time longer in the nest, during which they are fed by the parents, who disgrace in the manner of pigeons. In an interesting detail of their habits, he observes that they are remarkably fond of bathing, and are observed to do so every day, and in the same hours, to the water for this purpose. The hours of feeding are also very regular, and the whole day is distributed by rule—a fact we have observed to be still among other birds. At dawn of day, the whole flight of each district assembles, and alights with much noise on one or more dead trees, according to the size of the flock, and there, displaying their wings to the first rays of the sun, recall to mind the idea of some ancient race, of simple manners, assembled on some hill to chant a hymn in honour of the god of day. The reason, however, of this assembly of the parrots, is to warm and dry their plumage, moistened and chilled by the dews of night, which, in these regions, is often cold,

and always damp. When once warmed, and their plumage dry, they arise in small flocks, and fly around the quest of their favourite fruit, a kind of cherry, the name of which they break, in order to obtain the stone. This they do in the morning, continuing till about seven or eleven o'clock, at which time all the separate flocks fly to the water to bathe. When the heat of day commences, they again seek the deep recesses of the woods, in order to enjoy the refreshment of the shade; and, at this time, they keep a silence so profound, that not a sound shall be heard by a person sitting beneath a tree, though the branches above be crowded with legions of parrots; but, on the report of a gun, the whole flock fly off with the rapidity of lightning, with a confused mixture of the most discordant screams. When this, their time of rest, is elapsed, they again disperse, in order to obtain their second or evening meal; after which, all the flocks of the whole district reassemble with much noise and animation; and this is the signal for their second visit to the water, which is often far distant, as only the purest will please them. They are then seen confusedly and playfully rolling over each other on the margins of the pool, at times dipping their heads and wings into the water, in such a manner as to scatter it all over their plumage, and exhibiting a most entertaining spectacle to the observer. This ceremonial being finished, they revisit the trees on which they assembled at sunrise, where they sit for some time engaged in adjusting and pruning their feathers. This finished, they fly off in pairs, each pair retiring to its peculiar roost, where they rest till morning.

The individual is also accurately described, as well as scientifically designated.

A Table of Juvenile Memory, &c. by Mrs. H. Peiss. Pp. 125. (London, Sherwood and Co.)—A well-meant, but rather careless, attempt to arrange a multitude of useful memoranda for young persons. Thus, at page 11, we find *Snowy* to be one of three great men who built the wall between Carlisle and Newcastle—that *peccis* is one of the three characters of plants. Every page is disfigured by gross blunders and typographical errors; so that the whole is worse than worthless. Some poetry, at the end, is equally trashy.

Wordsworth's Poetical Works, Vol. I. (London, Moxon.)—Carefully corrected and arranged, the poems of Wordsworth are about to appear in monthly volumes. We have always advocated the plan of periodical publication; it places the works of a favourite author within the reach of so many. This simple and elegant edition will be a treat to the admirers of our great poet; we recommend it universally.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

EUPHRATES EXPEDITION.

[We have much pleasure in laying the following interesting details of the progress of this Expedition before our readers—ED. L. G.

Grain, Coast of Arabia, Persian Gulf,
July 27th, 1836.

MY DEAR —,— The last place that I had the pleasure of addressing you from was Annah, the most graceful city on the Euphrates, but which then derived a melancholy interest from the recent loss of the Tigris. I had the misfortune to be left behind at the departure of the steamer, and, being without arms, was robbed and maltreated before I "caught her up." There are many powerful and opulent tribes on the river below Annah; sometimes they occupy dense-clad islands in the centre of the river, as at Hadiva; at others, they castellate the islands, and occupy the river-banks, as at Jibba. It was a new and unexpected occurrence, to find the chieftains of these respectable clans coming forward on every side to seek the protection of our commander. The very castles which had sneered at the ill-fated author of the "Misopogon" [?], seemed to be weary of anarchy; the industrious classes feel the evil effects of a state of perpetual warfare, for not a harvest of corn or dates is reaped, without the desert-rovers coming down to help themselves. They felt at the same time the inefficiency of their own government, and they are willing and anxious to seek a protection which gives promise of greater activity, greater means, and a real desire to protect. Believe me, that those who, using the word Arab in its utmost latitude, assert that there is no confidence to be placed in them, are very wrong with regard to the sober, industrious, and high-spirited tribes, who shelter themselves beneath the date-groves of the Euphrates.

From Feluga (the resident at Bagdad not having made his appearance), a party went to

that city, and returned across the plains of Babylon, to join the vessel at Hillah.

Fanaticism, accidentally aroused by a mistake of the moment, had nearly armed our friends and allies against us in this last populous town. Our situation was for a few minutes one of great anxiety. Happily the bridge of boats which here crosses the river had been unstrung, and, at the first alarm, the steam being up, we took our station in the middle of the river, thus commanding both wings of the town, and at the same time carrying on a parley which terminated in a perfect understanding, and the renewal of confidence. Our superior armament and means would have caused a destruction, in such an undisciplined crowd, which gives humanity reason to rejoice at this happy termination of this and other occasional minor misunderstandings.

In the Semloon, we met with thieves upon a small scale, and ingenious thieves, too. I regret that I have neither time nor space to relate some of their exploits, and the watchful night-work which they gave us. But we met with difficulties of a more formidable nature in the character of the river, which did not, as had been prematurely asserted, lose itself in innumerable branches, for there never was a difficulty about the channel; but this became so narrow and so tortuous, with very low banks, that our paddles, not being protected, were often in danger, and with them our machinery.

The Euphrates is a large boat, admirably adapted for most parts of the river; but there appears to be some doubt as to ascending this winding fragment against the current. A smaller steamer would do it with facility.

We had an unfortunate rencontre with the natives not far below the marshes, where a quarrel occurred on the occasion of cutting wood; and the Arabs, having no chief to counsel them, and being exceedingly barbarous, would hear no reason, but commenced firing upon the vessel. I was at the time enjoying a wolf-hunt on the plain, and on my return was covered by a discharge of rockets thrown over the village. This, however, did no good; for, on sending another mission to them, "we had fired at them," they said, "and done no harm;" and they recommended their war-dance. At this time the musquetry was popping at us from both sides of the river, and, at length, we ascended a little, and returned their fire for about two minutes, there is reason to hope without much injury being done, although it is surmised that some of them fell victims to their savage obstinacy.

From hence we visited Sugh el Suli, the capital of the numerous and wealthy tribe of Montafide. Here, as at other places, goods brought for experiments sold uniformly at cent per cent, and the demand was unlimited.

I need scarcely mention, that from the marshes to the *embouchure* of the river, it is a most magnificent and noble stream, of great depth, and without an impediment to steam navigation. We arrived at Bussora on June 19th, when our commander's loyalty manifested itself in the discharge of a number of guns, corresponding to the number of sere winters which had crowned the career of the friend to our labour, and the monarch of our country.

On our arrival here, the impossibility which there would have been to have put together the boat at the bottom of the river, as was advocated by some, in opposition to the practical knowledge of Colonel Chesney, was completely demonstrated. There was not a plank

or a rope to be obtained, and we had no resource but to cross the head of the Gulf to Bursire. Little was the steamer expected there, and her appearance caused a degree of surprise and conjecture, which was only overcome as we were entering into the very heart of the noble harbour. The tardy ensign of the residency of the ships belonging to the Honourable East India Company was at length hoisted, the Amherst's yards were manned, and a warm-hearted cheer welcomed our arrival among our countrymen.

Our situation here, at the present moment, is not at all an agreeable one, independently of the lukewarmness which has been shewn in supporting the enterprise after its first delay at home. Although, by the colonel's excellent arrangement, we have already received one mail via Aleppo and Bussora, and not, as usual, by Bagdad, the steamer was several days at Bursire before the time appointed to receive a mail from Bombay: none has yet made its appearance; and, in the mean time, the river is rapidly attaining its lowest level, against which the larger steamer was never calculated to work her way. The commander has come over here to secure the transport of despatches, and the keeping that line of road open; so that no delay, occasioned by the unpleasant position under which we are now placed, can ensue in the upper part of the river.

At all events, it is probable that we shall not have time to try the ascent; and, if not, shall proceed to do whatever can be done for the Tigris' wreck, which, you will be glad to hear, has been found with the retiring waters; and, as far as we can learn, in a tolerable state of preservation. We have at the present moment an officer upon the spot, which alone relieves the anxiety of every one to be there as soon as possible.

I have further the pleasing intelligence to convey of a constancy of excellent health among both officers and crew since we have been upon the river. I have myself been on an agreeable trip to Shiraz and Persepolis, and we are all only waiting for a little more promptness and activity in support from those quarters which ought to feel a national pride in our success; as there now will certainly be disgrace in our abandoning so great an undertaking, when, to our own knowledge, there are nations in the north who look with an ill-concealed jealousy, and a little secret spitefulness, on the bright prospects held out to Great Britain by the opening of this noble river, and gigantic line of communication.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

On Wednesday evening, this society commenced its meetings for the ensuing session, Mr. Lyell, president, in the chair.—Mr. Hugh Edwin Strickland, F.G.S., recently returned from Asia Minor, read a paper on the general structure of the country which he visited, accompanied, in part, by Mr. Hamilton, one of the secretaries of the society; and announced that the memoir was the first of a series, which would give the results of their examination. The details of the paper were confined to observations made during a winter's residence at Smyrna; and two excursions, one into the valleys of the Meander and Cayster, and the other from Constantinople to Smyrna. The principal physical features of this portion of Asia Minor are four chains of mountains having a general direction from east to west, and between which flow the Hermus, the Cayster, and the Meander. Another ridge, having a parallel range,

commences with Mount Ida, and extends to the Myrian Olympus. Independently of these leading chains, there are others, which, though of similar geological structure, have not the same bearing; and are yet considered by Mr. Strickland to be of equal antiquity. The geological structure of the country is simple: the formations consisting of granite, micaceous and other schists, associated with beds of marble and quartz rocks; hippocrite limestone and schist; tertiary lacustrine and marine deposits; ancient and modern igneous rocks; and recent aqueous accumulations. The author did not observe granite *in situ*; but, on the authority of M. Fontanier, M. Texier, and other travellers, he stated that it constituted the highest part of Ida, the Myrian Olympus, the Bithynian Olympus, Mount Dindymus, Mount Tmolus, and Mount Latmus. The micaceous schist and associated rocks occupy very important place in the geology of Asia Minor, forming nearly all the mountain-chains which intersect the country. The saccharine marbles are embedded in the schist, and are extensively wrought in the island of Proconnesus, giving the name of Marmora to the surrounding sea. They also abound at Ephesus, on the west and south of Mount Olympus and in the Valley of the Cayster. The hippocrite limestone, the only representation of that vast system of rocks which occupies a large portion of Europe, and usually termed secondary, is even sparingly displayed in the north-western part of Asia Minor. The chief localities at which it was noticed by Mr. Strickland and Mr. Hamilton are the south side of Lake Apollonia, Mount Tartali on the east of Smyrna, Mount Sipyus, the peninsula of Caraboronou, and the island of Scio. Associated with the limestone is occasionally a greenish schistose sandstone, resembling some of the Italian macignos; and at Mount Corax, west of Smyrna, are compact schistose marls and sandstones unconnected with limestone, but which the author considers to be of the same age. The tertiary lacustrine formations occur in nearly every large valley, and appear to have once occupied a much greater surface than at present. They consist of horizontal beds, sometimes several hundred feet thick, of calcareous marl; white limestone occasionally resembling Italian scaglia; at others, chalk, with layers and nodules of brown or black flint; and of white sandy limestone, sandstone, sand, and gravel. They abound in some localities with shells of the genera *helix*, *unio*, *cyclus*, *lymnea*, *planorbis*, and *paludina*; and, near Smyrna, with the remains of dicotyledonous plants. A detailed account was given of the geographical distribution of the formations; and it was stated as a remarkable circumstance that, though so generally distributed, no trace of the lacustrine deposits exists in the valley of the Cayster. Tertiary marine deposits occur in the southern part of Tenedos, on the coast of the Trond, and on both banks of the Dardanelles; but, as Mr. Strickland did not personally examine them, no details were offered respecting their structure. The most ancient volcanic rocks consist of green stones, trachytes, and basalt. The green stones occur chiefly between Kesterlek and Adrians, and around the village of Eshen. Their connexion with the other formations is not clearly developed; but, in consequence of a dike of greenstone traversing a tertiary deposit near Eshen, Mr. Strickland conceives that the trap in the neighbourhood of that village is not of greater antiquity. Trachytes were stated to be abundantly scattered over the western portion of Asia Minor; and the author is of opinion

that some of them are older, some younger, than the lacustrine strata. An enumeration was given of the localities at which igneous rocks were observed by himself and Mr. Hamilton, during their journey from Constantinople to Smyrna. The points of chief interest are between Debrent and Taushanli, where volcanic debris is intermixed with a lacustrine sandstone; Ghiediz, where a conical rock of trachytic basalt has poured forth a stream of lava ten feet thick, which rests upon sand and gravel, considered by the author to be of later origin than the lacustrine limestone; and the conical trachytic hills west of Kobek, formed by an eruption of volcanic matter anterior to the lacustrine formation of the plain of Hushak, as the gravel-beds of that formation contain many boulders of trachyte. The modern volcanic rocks were observed only in the district of Catacecaumene, in Lydia, and are termed modern by Mr. Strickland, with respect to the other formations, and not to historical events. These volcanic mounds rise partly amidst the lacustrine limestone of the valley of the Hermus, and partly on the slope of the schistose hills which bound it on the south. They consist of scoria and lava, and are referable to two epochs, indicated by the difference in their state of preservation, and the appearance of the streams of lava which have flowed from them. The older cones, nearly thirty in number, are low and flat; their craters have disappeared, or are marked by a slight depression; and all their prominences seem to have been smoothed by time. They are also covered by the vineyards producing the Catacecaumene wine, celebrated from the time of Strabo to the present day; and the streams of basalt, or lava, which have flowed from them are level on the surface, and covered with turf. The newer volcanoes, only three in number, though extinct for more than three thousand years, preserve all their characters unaltered; the craters are perfectly defined, and the streams of lava are black, rugged, and barren. Mr. Strickland then pointed out the perfect resemblance between the structure of the Catacecaumene and of the volcanic districts of central France. In both countries are extensive lacustrine tertiary deposits; volcanic cones extinct from the most remote historical antiquity, yet connected with streams of lava resembling the latest products of active volcanoes; and in each district are tertiary hills capped by detached *plateaux* of basalt, and streams of the hardest lava cut through by the action of running water. Under the head of modern aqueous accumulations, an account was given of the travertine deposited by the hot springs at the foot of Mount Olympus, forming a platform which extends for about two miles from the present springs, into the town of Broussa, where it is about half a mile in width, and one hundred feet high. A description was next given of the changes which have been produced by the sedimentary matter deposited near the mouths of rivers. Thus the island Lode, once the scene of a sea-fight between the Persians and Ionians, is now a hill in the midst of a plain; the Latmic Gulf is changed into an inland lake; the once flourishing town of Miletus, losing its harbour, is become a heap of ruins; the port of Ephesus is converted into a stagnant pool; and the delta of the Hermus threatens in a few centuries to destroy the harbour of the prosperous city of Smyrna. The memoir concluded with a description of a recent lacustrine deposit in the valley of the Rhynacus, above Kirmasten, which appears, for the greater part, to have been removed by the action of that river; only detached plat-

forms, fifty or sixty feet high, being left on the sides of the valleys.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

MR. LAMBERT in the chair.—This was the first meeting of the session; and the attendance of members was very numerous. Amongst the company, we noticed Mr. W. S. Macleay, the eminent entomologist, who has recently returned from Cuba; and Mr. Darwin, the naturalist, who accompanied Capt. Fitzroy in the late voyage of survey on the coasts of South America. Amongst the books presented were several volumes of the *Memoirs of the French Institute*; three parts of Gould's splendid work on the Birds of Europe; and the second volume of Mr. Yarrell's *History of British Fishes*. Mr. Gould exhibited specimens of several new birds lately received by him from Australia, accompanied by drawings, which are to form part of a work he designs to publish on the birds of that interesting portion of the British dominions. Specimens of the *Spartina glabra*—the *Limnetis polystachya* of Pursh—a grass new to the British Flora, were presented by Dr. Bromfield, by whom it was discovered, during the past summer, on the muddy banks of the river at Southampton, growing in great abundance. Read, *Observations on the Esula major Germanica*, of Lobel, by Edward Forster, Esq. The object of this paper is to prove that the *Euphorbia*, published in the Supplement to English Botany under the name of *Pilosa*, is not a new discovery, but that the plant had been observed in the same station, near Bath, by Lobel, 280 years ago, and afterwards by Johnson, who has accurately noted the locality in his *Mercurius Botanicus*. The circumstance of the leaves being either glabrous or hairy, Mr. Forster regards as alone insufficient to constitute a specific difference between the English *Pilosa* and *Palustris*; and he, therefore, proposes to combine the two under the latter name. Read, also, a paper by Mr. R. H. Schomburgk (now engaged in a botanical mission in British Guiana, and the adjacent countries), on the plant from which the Indians of the Orenoco prepare the famous poison called "Woorally," or "Ourary." The tree, or rather shrub, proves to be an undescribed species of *Strychnos*; and it is worthy of remark, that Dr. Von Martius found that the Indians of the Amazons prepare a similar poison from another species of the same genus. Mr. Schomburgk observes, that the mode of preparing the poison is chiefly confined to the Macooses of Pirarara, and the Wapeshanas of the Conoco mountains, situated near the equator, where the plant grows wild. A coloured drawing, and specimens of the plant, collected by the author on the spot, accompanied the description.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

AT the usual meeting on Thursday afternoon, the monthly report was read. Balance in favour of the society on the proceedings of October, 1861. The number of visitors to the Gardens and Museum during last month, upwards of 9000. Ten fellows were elected. Amongst the additions to the menagerie is a monstrous variety of the Indian tortoise, (*Testudo Indica*, Linn.) It is remarkable for the great irregularity of the surface of its shell, each of the plates being raised into high conical eminences. A note addressed to Col. Sykes by Lieutenant Henning, R.N., read lately, notices the capture of an albatross by a hook; and states that the bird, while so attached, was fastened on by another of the same species: but whether with

the intention of endeavouring to release it, or with the view of taking advantage of its helpless condition, the writer did not attempt to determine. Some conversation took place at the meeting respecting the appointment of a successor to the late Mr. Bennett, who officiated as secretary. Mr. Gordon, M.P. spiritedly argued in favour of a liberal salary being allowed, so as that the situation might be worth the acceptance of a man of real science.

EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

ON Thursday we were allowed the privilege of a private view of Signor Athanasi's collection of Egyptian Antiquities, about to be opened for exhibition in Exeter Hall. Of 642 very interesting objects we have neither time nor space to take fit notice at present. Most of them are curious, some very rare, some extremely valuable, and several unique. All will serve to illustrate the early history of mankind, occupations, pursuits, habits, and literature. 623, the mummy of a female found at Memphis, is a most extraordinary relic—the wrappings entirely covered with hieroglyphic inscriptions and designs. She is, in a word, an Egyptian library. 307, statue of a priest kneeling, is another remarkable object. On his head is a tray with five loaves, or cakes of bread, shewing that our Saviour's miracle was intimately associated with the priestly office and offerings of bread. But we cannot now particularise any of the multitude of the attraction in this museum. Its ancient treasures must be seen and examined, day after day, to be duly appreciated.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Comprehensive Atlas, Geographical, Historical, and Commercial. By J. G. Bradford. Boston, W. Ticknor; New York, Wiley and Long.

EVERY map of this excellent Atlas (which reflects honour on the industry and labour of the American press) is accompanied by tables and text, which convey ample information on all the topics which such publications generally embrace. It is, altogether, one of the best and most useful works of the kind which we have seen. The maps are neatly and distinctly engraved, and the references (though unindexed) of convenient access. The latest discoveries have not been neglected, and some portions of transatlantic geography are almost new to us—at least much improved. Mr. Bradford's perspicuous performance deserves to be welcomed among us, as a valuable addition to our own statistical and geographical works.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Oct. 27th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity, by accumulation.—

R. C. Dillon, St. Edmund Hall.

Bachelor in Divinity.—J. H. Newman, Fellow, Oriel College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. Tobin, Christ Church College, Grand Compounder; J. B. Bond, University College; Rev. P. Peace, Wadham College; E. E. Chambers, St. John's College; S. F. Auchmuty, Brasenose College; Rev. B. Vaux, Trinity College; J. J. Brown, Jesus College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. R. Godley, Christ Church College, Grand Compounder; T. A. Whiter, Grand Compounder, V. Tipping, Brasenose College; R. Ingram, Worcester College; W. Willett, Magdalen Hall; A. Broadley, Wadham College; W. H. Bingley, F. G. Jackson, Trinity College; M. Pattison, Oriel College.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday, 8 P.M. Entomological, 8 P.M.

Tuesday.

Society of Arts: Evening Illustrations, 8 P.M. *Illustrations to Antiquities*.
Mr. A. Ross on the Principles of Optics, and Construction of Achromatic Object-glasses.

Wednesday.

Literary Fund Committee, 3 P.M.—South-wark Literary and Scientific Institution, 8 P.M. Lecture on Natural History, by T. R. Jones.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Fisher's Oriental Keepsake; or Syria, the Holy Land, Asia Minor, &c. illustrated. In a Series of Views drawn from Nature, by W. H. Bartlett, W. Purser, &c. With Descriptions of the Plates, by John Carne, Esq. Vol. I. 4to. Fisher, Son, and Co.

We have repeatedly expressed our admiration of this work in the course of its publication. It now forms one of the handsomest volumes in our possession. The views—thirty-seven in number—do the highest credit to the artists employed in their production. They are beautiful as works of art; but to the pious and reflecting they have a much deeper interest. Even with reference to merely worldly considerations, they will be generally regarded with attention and curiosity; for, as the publishers observe, "It is impossible to estimate too highly the great advantages which this country is about to derive from the manufacturing, commercial, and trading resources, scientific discoveries, and rapid intercourse of the East: the march of intellect and the flight of steam are advancing hand in hand into the heart of Asia;"—even while this volume has been in progress, new facilities have been opened in various directions."

Landscape-Historical Illustrations of Scotland, and the Waverley Novels. From Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, R. A., Palmer, Bentley, Chisholm, Hart, A. R. A., Harding, M'Clese, A. R. A., Melville, &c. Comic Illustrations by G. Cruikshank. Descriptions by the Rev. G. N. Wright. Vol. I. 4to. Fisher, Son, and Co.

This work, as well as that which we have just mentioned, has frequently obtained our favourable notice in its progress through the press. As well as the last, also, it now forms a splendid volume: and it is certainly one of the most interesting pictorial monuments which have appeared to the memory of a writer whose fame is now too securely established, not only in this country, but throughout the world, to be increased by praise, or endangered by censure.

Wanderings and Excursions in South Wales. By Thomas Roscoe, Esq. With Engravings by W. Radclyffe, from drawings made expressly for the work, by D. Cox, J. D. Harding, Copley Fielding, and other eminent Artists. Parts I. and II. Tilt.

The proprietors observe, that they "need only mention that Roscoe's South Wales will form a similar volume to that of the North." Our high opinion of the latter was repeatedly expressed during the course of its publication; and an inspection of the two Parts of the new work lying on our table, satisfies us that the statement made by the proprietors is well-founded. What can we say more?

BIOGRAPHY.

GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

Who for so many years occupied a large portion of public attention, as a literary man, and the critic of dramatic literature, died last week,

* Rather a whimsical figure by the by.

aged seventy-four, and has been interred at Kensington. It is too early to attempt even a sketch of his career. He was the son of George Colman, the translator of Terence, and well-known author. His education was begun at Westminster School, whence he was transferred to Christ Church, Oxford, and thence to a finish, or rather, perhaps, to prevent a finish, to King's College, Aberdeen. On his return to town he entered at the Temple, but soon evinced a more decided predilection for poetry than for law; and the literary path being opened to him by his father's malady in 1789, he assumed his theatrical shoes, and in 1794, at his death, succeeded to his patent. So early as 1784, he had produced "Two to One," the songs of which were, we believe, his first publication. Other minor dramatic and lyric compositions followed, till "Inkle and Yarico" was brought out with immense success in 1787. In 1788, "Ways and Means" appeared, and other popular productions extended the fame of Colman, in something like this routine:—"Sylvester Daggerwood," and "The Mountaineers," in 1795; "Iron Chest," (with its famous dispute with J. Kemble), in 1796; "Night-gown and Slippers," volume of comic poetry, 1797; "Blue Beard," 1798; "Broad Grins," an enlarged edition of "Night-gown and Slippers," 1802, and the "Poor Gentleman;" in 1805, "John Bull," and "Who wants a Guinea?" in 1806, "We Fly by Night;" in 1808, "Battle of Hexham," "Surrender of Calais," "Heir at Law," "Blue Devils," "The Review," "Gay Deceivers," "Africans," "Love Laughs at Locksmiths, en suite;" in 1812, "Poetical Varieties;" and, before and since, several other works would complete this prolific list. But it is not, as we have said, the time for remark; and we shall only add, that, on his decease, the Lord Chamberlain appointed Mr. Charles Kemble his successor, as Licensor of Plays; an appointment so discriminating, that we never knew of another which gave such universal satisfaction.

DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—At this house a Mr. Hill has made his appearance in a Yankee character, which is said faithfully to represent the Jonathan national features. We are not competent judges of this, but his personation is certainly very amusing; and, if his talent be not too strictly limited to a single line, he may be welcomed as a pleasant low comedian.

On Thursday a young lady made an essay of *Juliet*, in a play, with the exception of the *Nurse* (Mrs. Jones), deplorably cast and acted. We are unwilling to speak of any first attempt otherwise than encouragingly; and, making allowance for sex, youth, and the trepidation of an arduous *début* before a London audience, we may truly state that the fair *Juliet* evinced considerable merits. That her time is not yet for the highest walk in tragedy is obvious; but with study, she seems to us to possess qualifications for the stage which may place her in a very agreeable station both as regards the public and herself.

Covent Garden.—We have had here some excellently performed comedies and farces, with Farren and the comic strength of the company, to alternate with *King John*, *Othello*, and *Ion*, admirably played.

Adelphi.—On Monday was produced *Rosine, or, Am I a Princess?* but so imperfectly, that, during the week, *Grace Hunley* has been obliged to be its substitute. Justice to others forces us to say, that Mr. Reeve was the

offender, whether from want of memory or a less excusable cause we do not know. It is, at any rate, much to be regretted, that one endowed with the richest requisites for the comic and humorous, should ever allow his social disposition to induce him to put an enemy into his mouth, to steal away his brains, and endanger his deserved popularity with an admiring public. How unjust it is to authors! how injurious to a theatre, for which authors dare not write! We trust this is the last time we need even allude to so painful a topic.

Olympic.—I would be an Actor, from the pen of Charles Mathews, who sustains the principal, or, rather, the four principal parts, was produced here, with great effect, on Monday. The subject is common enough upon the stage, but it contains much that is original. That it is written to bring the versatility of Mr. M.'s genius fairly before the public is evident; for he has not only four, but four very various characters: *Molley*, an actor, the first, playing the other three to amuse himself, to prevent a young lady being married to a troublesome suitor she dislikes, and to give her to the one to whom she is attached. Such is the entire plot—not much, in all conscience; but Mr. Charles Mathews is a host in himself, and his three changes were admirable. The first, to an old man, by merely putting on a wig and dressing-gown before the audience, was most complete; the second, into a Welsh gardener, was equally good, and a melody in it, about Jenny Jones, was sweet and beautiful; but the third transition, to a French operadancer, was the *chef-d'œuvre*. We never saw any character, either in appearance or acting, more complete. Throughout, Mr. Charles Mathews reminds us very forcibly of his father; and we hope that his determination to be an actor will be as profitable to himself as, we are sure, it is pleasing to his audience. He was well supported by Mrs. Orger, Messrs. Oxberry, Selby, Wyman, and W. Vining; and his little farcical burletta is most deservedly sure to be highly popular—on which we congratulate him, both as author and actor.

This piece was followed, on the same evening, by a second burletta, called *Serenading*; but, as it was all but a failure, we shall say no more about it than that it served to introduce Mr. Conquest, who has been some time on the boards—of the very minor theatres, and who seemed to think that violent staring and grimacing constitute a comedian. They may do for the Pavilion and Garrick, but to jump into Keeley's shoes, with no better qualifications, was rather too hazardous an attempt to meet with any more success than Mr. Conquest did—which was hardly so much as the piece in which he made his *début*.

St. James's.—The *Minature* was produced on Monday, and has been repeated nightly since. It is not, to our minds, of the St. James's genus; but more fit for suburban places of resort, where *Jim Crows*, flash allusions, and antique puns, serve for dramatic entertainment.

VARIETIES.

Caricatures.—H. B. is again in the field, with three capital novelties (Nos. 453, 4, 5). The first represents O'Connell as an inflated balloon, with the ministers in the car. There is a *rent* in the machine, and they are falling fast; each exclaiming one way or other touching their expected smash. The next represents John Bull feeding most gloriously, being returned to a conservative diet. All the good things of life are in abundance, and the old gent. seems very happy. The Spanish

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